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The cunning Northerne Begger

Who all the By-standers doth earnestly pray,
To bestow a penny upon him to day.

To the tune of Tom of Bedlam.



I am a little beggar,
And thus by others giving,
I come to live,
And by the highway side,
I sit and wait for my prey,
And when I see a goodly man,
I cry out loud and say,
Give me a penny, for I am poor,
For I have none to buy my food,
And when I see a goodly man,
I cry out loud and say,
Give me a penny, for I am poor,
For I have none to buy my food.

I am a poor old woman,
And thus by others giving,
I come to live,
And by the highway side,
I sit and wait for my prey,
And when I see a goodly man,
I cry out loud and say,
Give me a penny, for I am poor,
For I have none to buy my food,
And when I see a goodly man,
I cry out loud and say,
Give me a penny, for I am poor,
For I have none to buy my food.

When I am like a beggar,
And thus by others giving,
I come to live,
And by the highway side,
I sit and wait for my prey,
And when I see a goodly man,
I cry out loud and say,
Give me a penny, for I am poor,
For I have none to buy my food,
And when I see a goodly man,
I cry out loud and say,
Give me a penny, for I am poor,
For I have none to buy my food.

The second part,

To the same tune.



Sometime I like a Cripple
Upon the ground to crawling,
For many I begge,
As wanting a leggo
To bear my corpes from falling,
When I am I weake of body,
And long I have bene afflicted,
And make complaint,
As ready to faint,
And of my griefes increase,
And faintly I cry good your worship good, fir,
Bestow one poore desire fir,
which when I've got,
at the Pipe and Pot,
I soone will it casheere fir.

My flesh I can surper,
What it shall be I know not,
And thus I live,
Like a beggar,
With hunger and cold,
And thus I live,
Like a beggar,
With hunger and cold,
And thus I live,
Like a beggar,
With hunger and cold.

When as it my sight I wanted,
A Boy with wits bestow me,
Or else I see
Chaps as I see,
Or have a Dog to guide me:
And when I am thus accounted,
To the highway I cry I see me,
and there I stand
with toke in my hand,
And beg of all comers and goers,
And earnestly cry good your worship good fir,
Bestow one poore desire fir,

Best to some Country fellow,
And thus I live,
Like a beggar,
With hunger and cold,
And thus I live,
Like a beggar,
With hunger and cold,
And thus I live,
Like a beggar,
With hunger and cold.

What though I cannot labour,
What though I cannot labour,
And thus I live,
Like a beggar,
With hunger and cold,
And thus I live,
Like a beggar,
With hunger and cold,
And thus I live,
Like a beggar,
With hunger and cold.

As I am at all times poor,
And thus I live,
Like a beggar,
With hunger and cold,
And thus I live,
Like a beggar,
With hunger and cold,
And thus I live,
Like a beggar,
With hunger and cold.